THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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THE RUIN OF THE HURONS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

SOME Christian Hurons who had been eye witnesses of all that had taken place but who had escaped from the Iroquois brought the news of the martyrdom to St. Mary's and told it in all its details, and immediately after the enemy had withdrawn, Brother Malherbe, along with some Frenchmen, went to the scene of the execution and brought the two bodies to the residence and buried them there. "Our feelings that day," says Father Ragueneau, "were so wrought up that we rather desired than feared a death of that kind."

Before consigning them to the grave, each one wished to touch their wounds. They kissed with respect those glorious gashes and instead of praying for the dead, turned towards heaven the dwelling place of those valiant heroes, and implored a like heroism for a like battle. As a matter of fact, the missionaries expected an attack every day, and St. Mary's was not in condition to make any serious resistance.

Up to that time the residence was protected by a dozen of villages between it and the Iroquois. That barrier no longer existed; for the Hurons, in a moment of panic, had left their villages after having first burned them so as to prevent them from being occupied by the enemy. "The consequence was," says Father Ragueneau, "that our residence was in full view of the Iroquois, and for its defense had only eight soldiers, twenty-three *donnés*, and seven servants."

We could not count on the Huron warriors who would rush with their head down into battle, under the conviction that

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their race was doomed. Much more numerous than the Iroquois, they could have rallied, pursued the foe and driven him beyond Niagara. They did nothing of the sort; they thought only of flight, and of seeking an asylum far away among their allies. Ever since the capture of St. Ignatius and St. Louis they came in every day by the hundred, without chiefs, without organization, disunited, demoralized, paralyzed by fear, broken down with sickness, and dying of misery and starvation. They staid there some days for rest and nourishment; the Christians received the sacraments, and some of the pagans were baptized. In fact, in that year of 1648, the Fathers gave hospitality to six thousand Indians, and to some thousand more in the first six months of the year following. The old expression about the blood of martyrs being the seed of the Church was beginning to be realized immediately after the death of Father Jogues, for by the middle of the year 1649, the missionaries had baptized two thousand seven hundred persons.

Among the thousands of Hurons who went through St. Mary's on their way to a safer country, three hundred families, almost all Christians, took refuge on the island of St. Joseph; others went elsewhere; some to Mackinac; others to Manitoulin and the neighboring islands which were unknown to the Iroquois.

These fugitives, however, did not form the bulk of the Huron nation. The inhabitants of St. Michael and St. John the Baptist appealed to the generosity of the victors, and were incorporated in the section of the Tsonnontouans, where they formed the village of St. Michael and became the first germ of Christianity in the Iroquois Federation. The missionaries came across them twenty years later and found among them marvels of faith and virtue. Other bands took refuge among the Neuters and the Eries. They were perhaps the most unfortunate of the lot, as they disappeared in the total ruin of those two nations. The Iroquois arrived and slaughtered or drove away every one. The Andastes received some of the remnants. Finally, some reached the Petuna mountains. Thither went, also, the neophytes from the Conception settlement, along with the devoted Father Chaumonot. The warriors,

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almost all Christians, had been defeated and were slain or taken prisoners by the Iroquois.

What was happening during all this time to the poor residence of St. Mary's now exposed on all sides? There were some missionaries there, busy night and day with the Huron fugitives, others again were scattered among the Petuns and Algonquins; others again were wandering with their neophytes over lakes and rivers and through the unexplored forests.

In the beginning of June, 1649, twelve Huron chiefs from St. Joseph's Island came to St. Mary's and asked to talk with the missionaries. "We come to you in the name of our afflicted people," they said; "we want to unite and form a new establishment on St. Joseph's Island, but we need your help. Have pity on us. Without you we shall be at the mercy of our enemy; with you we shall be strong enough to defend ourselves. We, Christian Indians, implore you to come, and those who are not so will embrace the faith. You will make the whole island Christian. Father Ragueneau who sums up these discourses adds: "After having spoken for three whole hours with eloquence it would be hard to surpass in France, they brought out ten great collars of china and told us it was the voice of their wives and children."

The Jesuits had intended to leave St. Mary's, for it was no longer of any avail to remain. Any day they could be surprised and massacred, but they would have preferred to go to Manitoulin, where the fish were plentiful and from which place there was easy communication by the French and Ottawa Rivers and Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. However, unable to resist the appeal of the Huron deputies they gave up their own plans and decided to transfer the residence to St. Joseph's Island.

The day of departure was fixed for the 14th of June. They put on a little bark and a great raft all the provisions kept at St. Mary's; then the church outfit, the furniture, even the cattle and poultry. Then they set fire to the residence and the palisades and followed by the *donnés*, domestics and soldiers the Fathers left their home that for many reasons was so dear to their hearts. In less than an hour the fire destroyed the result of ten years unremitting toil.

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A CARIB SETTLEMENT.

BY REV. T. J. LIVINGSTONE, S. J.

A PERSON looking at one of the recent maps of the world, in which the possessions of each of the great Powers are designated by a distinctive color, will be surprised to see how considerable a portion of the earth's surface bears the red sign of English possession. A slight examination, too, of the regions thus marked will reveal the further fact that quality no less than quantity has guided England in her selection; so that the red patches on the world's map serve admirably as guide-marks to indicate where the choicest of the earth's products and treasures are to be found. It appears as if John Bull had been the first to seat himself at the World's banquet and had helped himself most liberally to the good things there set forth.

Down here, in Central America, for instance, grow two most valuable trees, the mahogany and the logwood. Well, right in the middle of the map of Central America appears one of those red marks and the confirmatory legend—British Honduras.

It is matter of history that these two trees brought the Englishman here and that to obtain the right of cutting them he fought long and valiantly until, in fact, none dared to dispute his claim. Possession being thus secured, a little foreign diplomacy did the rest and the country was his.

In return for the mahogany and logwood which he appropriated, the Englishman gave the country two products of a higher order—civilization and law. He established a firm and equitable government in British Honduras which soon attracted the attention of the people in the neighboring countries, many of whom came and settled within its borders, eager to obtain that security of life and property which the British flag always guarantees its subjects. Thus, in the north were established the settlements of Corozal and Orange Walk by refugees from Yucatan, while in the south were laid the foundations of Punta Gorda and Stann Creek by Caribs from Guatemala and Spanish Honduras. It is the settlement effected by the Caribs at Stann Creek that forms the subject of this article.

The Caribs are a race of blacks whose origin is involved in some obscurity. The most probable opinion in regard to them

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is that they were brought over from Africa to the isle of St. Vincent from whence they passed to the island of Ruatan and thence to the continent of Central America. Another opinion is that they are aborigines of the New World. At all events they are a distinct race who have preserved their language and many of their customs. They are a quiet, inoffensive people, possessing none of the undesirable traits attributed to the fierce tribe of Indians, now extinct, whose name they bear. They are reasonably industrious when working for themselves, but the *mañana* spirit of Central America seems to take hold of them when they enter the employ of others.

There are two Spanish phrases which are very much used by the people in these parts and which express the height of physical and mental indolence. If a person is asked to do anything that requires physical exertion he will probably promise to do it "*mañana*," "to-morrow." If asked a question requiring some mental exertion to answer, he will probable exclaim: "*Quien sabe!*" "Who knows!"

The Caribs have no distinctive dress though most of the women wear a white handkerchief tied around their forehead and a black shawl thrown over their head which gives them an appearance not unlike that of the novices of some religious orders of women.

Their usual food is plantains, yams, dried fish and cassava. The latter is a kind of bread made from the tuberous roots of the cassava plant. These tubers, erroneously called by the people yucca roots, have to go through quite a complicated process before they are made into bread. The loaves of cassava bread are very peculiar in shape, being about three feet in diameter and only a quarter of an inch thick. They are white and look for all the world like gigantic hosts.

Unlike his colored American cousin, the Carib does not appear to have any special predilection for poultry, and chickens may be allowed to roam about the yard with perfect impunity; but if you have a pet kitten it is advisable to keep an eye on him, for in every well-regulated Carib family they make it a point to have a good fat pussy for their Christmas dinner.

As might be expected, the social position of women amongst this people is far inferior to that of men. For instance, in taking meals the husband sits at table along with his eldest son and is served by his wife, who does not begin to eat until her husband has finished and then she must take her meal in the kitchen

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where she sits on the floor surrounded by the children, and with them eats out of the pot in which the meal has been cooked. Nature's knives and forks are the implements used in the process.

When either husband or wife dies the survivor is required by Carib etiquette to retire to a room in the house and remain there in silence and solitude for a whole month, speaking only when visited by members of the family or by the one appointed to bring the meals. At the end of that time the bereaved person is allowed to walk abroad, but is supposed to speak to none but members of the family or very intimate friends for the rest of the year. In Stann Creek, however, thanks to the efforts of the Fathers, this custom is beginning to be honored more in the breach than in the observance.

There is another custom, or rather diabolical superstition, which our Fathers have for years endeavored to eradicate, but as yet with only partial success. This is the Mafia dance. When a Carib falls seriously ill and ordinary remedies fail to effect a cure, his family and relations are inclined to have recourse to a sort of medicine-man called a Booyi who, for a goodly sum of money, goes through a series of incantations and general tomfoolery over the sick person and then, after assigning some cause for the sickness which has to be removed, orders a promiscuous dance for the person's recovery. This dance is a veritable devil's dance and is the cause of great demoralization. Happily it has been banished from Stann Creek, though people from here occasionally attend the dance in the place where it is now held, a few miles down the coast. This superstition is evidently a relic of heathenism and clings to the Carib mind with great pertinacity. The people know well enough that it is an idle superstition and their common sense tells them that the whole thing is a fraud, yet, when sickness comes upon them, the belief in the Mafia awakens in their mind and they blindly clutch at the futile remedy as a drowning man does at a straw. Superstition dies hard.

As already stated, the Caribs have a language of their own. In consequence, however, of their long residence among the French and Spanish, many words from these two languages have become incorporated into the Carib language in such a way as to completely replace the original words which have been entirely lost. Thus, for instance, most of the numbers are French. They have so disguised these foreign words, however, by their pronunciation that they can hardly be distinguished from genuine

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Carib. On a certain occasion, one of our Fathers happened to hear a Carib call out to his boy, "Murúsu kamiss'!" Now, ye French and Spanish scholars who read this, tell me what does that mean? The Father noticed that the boy entered the house and shortly returned with a piece of white rag, and then it suddenly dawned on his mind that the man had not been speaking Carib, as he supposed, but had merely used a French word in combination with a Spanish one, in order to ask for (*Un*) *morceau* (*de*) *camisa*. For my part, I must confess, that whenever I hear Carib spoken, it all sounds to me pretty much like bug-a-boo and hullabaloo repeated over and over. Lest I should seem to malign a noble language, let me give a specimen taken from a prayer book gotten up by one of our Fathers, and thus permit the reader to judge for himself:

Barijabay. Frumié näuwchabōn abúirjōali lidan hêñêñè Garinagu. Magumuchuntina: lawgōali dan.

I hardly think that the above choice bit of Carib will prove attractive enough to tempt anybody to study the language merely for recreation; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge, that it ought not to discourage a person who was bent on learning it, particularly when he notices that it begins with such a familiar word as *Barry* and ends with such a simple word as *Dan*. If it were not to consider the matter too curiously, as Horatio says to Hamlet, anent the possibility of Alexander's dust stopping a bunghole, a person might be tempted to inquire whether the Irish, who were banished by thousands to the isle of St. Vincent, had not left their impress on the Carib language as well as the French and the Spanish.

The above-mentioned prayer book, prepared for the special benefit of the Caribs, is still in its first edition. The people say their language is not suitable for religious purposes. Meanwhile, we have a large supply of these books on hand, so that if anyone would like to have a copy as a curiosity, he has only to send on a dollar to help the mission and he will receive one by return mail. As the advertisements say, it may be the chance of a lifetime.

Before quitting this subject, I may remark that the Carib language is a philological curiosity. It is the only known language in the world (according to a learned German professor) which has two sets of words for many things, one set of which is used exclusively by men, and the other set exclusively by

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women. It is as if, in English, a man, when speaking of a male child, would have to call him a *boy* whereas a woman would have to call him a *lad*. The Caribs are very strict about having this distinction observed, so that if a boy is heard using a girl's word his father will give him a thrashing, and, in like manner, if a girl should use a boy's word, her mother will chastise her. Thus this curious feature of the language is preserved.

Having thus given some idea of this interesting race of people, it is time to say something of the town of Stann Creek and of the state of religion amongst its inhabitants.

The Caribs showed good taste as well as sound judgment in choosing the location of their principal settlement. Stann Creek is situated on the shore of the Caribbean sea, about thirty miles south of Belize. A long line of coral reefs and cays, lying some eight or ten miles from the mainland, affords it a shelter from the violence of the open sea in rough weather. The harbor thus formed is deep enough to permit the largest steamers that come to these ports to anchor a few hundred yards from shore. The town takes its name from the large creek which flows through its midst and supplies its inhabitants with good drinking water, a great boon in the tropics. The word Stann is a corruption of St. Anne. Back of the town there is plenty of fertile land suitable for raising bananas, cassava, yams and, in fact, almost anything else. The place is very healthy, for an almost constant sea breeze tempers the heat, purifies the air and braces up the system.

The houses are of two kinds: frame cottages with corrugated iron roofs and Carib dwellings thatched with leaves of the Cohoon palm tree. When seen from the sea, this combination of white and brown houses, embowered in groups of palm, mango, orange and other tropical trees, and outlined against the blue summits of the distant mountain range, makes a picture at once novel and picturesque.

The largest and finest building in the town is, as it should be, the Catholic church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is a frame building and, though its exterior is very plain and unpretentious, its interior is really beautiful. The residence attached to the church is large and commodious and, being built facing the sea, gets the full benefit of the delightful sea breeze. The only places where, physically speaking, life is worth living are the mountains and the seashore.

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The church is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers as are all the churches in the Vicariate-Apostolic of British Honduras. The mission was established by these Fathers in 1851 and they have had charge of it ever since. For a time it was dependent on Jamaica, but after some years it was attached to the English province and remained under the care of the Fathers of this province until 1894, when it was transferred to the Province of Missouri, U. S. The only member of the English province now remaining is the Rt. Rev. F. C. Hopkins, S.J., Bishop of Athribis, who is the Vicar Apostolic. During the fifty years of its existence the mission has had missioners from almost all the countries of Europe, so that the Caribs have had great variety in the nationality of their attendant priests. Nevertheless the religious customs which prevail amongst them are almost entirely Spanish.

Services are conducted in the church in English and Spanish, as almost all the Caribs of Stann Creek know either one or both of these languages, at least after a fashion. There are three Sodalities in operation besides the League of the Sacred Heart, which has a membership of eighty adults. The first mass on Sundays is for the children and the sermon is in English. The children have been trained to sing hymns and to chant the ordinary prayers, the Our Father, Hail Mary, Creed and the Acts, in English during their mass. The effect of this chanting is really grand. The first time I heard it I could hardly get through the opening prayers at mass, I found it so difficult to keep from listening to the chanting. At the High Mass the sermon is in Spanish. We have a very good choir that can render eight or nine different masses. On week days when singing is required and the choir is not at hand, the members of the congregation who happen to be present sing, without an accompaniment, an ordinary mass or the Gregorian Requiem, as may be required. They also sing the responses at funerals, the hymns for benediction, the hymns between the decades of the rosary, as is the custom here, etc. From this it will be seen that the Caribs are a musical people. They are not only fond of music, but have a special talent for it. It is really a pity that we have only a small reed organ for our fine church ; if we only had a pipe organ with a good volume of sound it would do wonders in attracting the people to church. And now for something more wonderful even than congregational singing.

There is an elderly Carib woman here who fulfills pretty much

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the same duties as were assigned to deaconesses in the early days of the church. She looks after the decorations of the altars and the cleanliness of the church. She directs the band of women who occasionally take up a collection through the town, and who bring to the residence besides money, a miscellaneous assortment of provisions, such as yams, cassava, eggs, starch, plantains, bananas, oranges, dried fish, etc. She leads the congregation in singing, and last, but not least, she preaches to the women in Carib. We have a society called the Sisters of the Rosary, which meets every Wednesday evening in the church. During the course of this meeting the director gives them an instruction in Spanish. When the director has left the altar after giving benediction, Norberta, that is the woman's name, stands up in her place and repeats the instruction in Carib for the benefit of those who are either ignorant of Spanish or know it but imperfectly. From the animated way in which she generally speaks, I suspect that the good old lady occasionally improves on the discourse given by the Father and adds a few shoulder hits of her own in vigorous Carib for the benefit of those whom it may especially concern. Be this as it may, Norberta is universally esteemed, and in spite of the prominent position she has held for years, remains as modest and unpretending as a novice. Good old Norberta! when her days are numbered she will have no successor, for the necessity of an interpreter will have ceased with her useful life. Already all the younger people know English quite well, having learned it in the school, and others are learning it from them, so that the number of English-speaking people is constantly increasing.

Although Stann Creek, like the rest of British Honduras, is wofully behind the States in all that pertains to material progress, as we have no railroads, no telegraphs, no submarine cables, no electric lights or motors, no, not even illuminating gas, still we take the lead in one thing, and that is in our system of education. All the schools in the colony are religious schools in charge of the various religious denominations, and yet all of them are supported mainly by the Government. To ensure perfect fairness in the distribution of the educational fund, each religious denomination is entitled to have one of its clergymen on the school board.

Our school, which has about 250 pupils on the roll, is in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family from New Orleans. The

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Government pays 25 cents in the lower grades and 50 cents in the higher for each average daily attendance per month. The pupils are also expected to pay the small sum of 20 cents per month. With the amount thus obtained we manage to keep the schools going. As yet the Caribs are not fully alive to the advantages of education. The parents make no difficulty about sending the boys to school, but they are for the most part very backward in sending the girls. They say, what is the use of teaching girls to read and write? And really, as matters are at present, this question is rather difficult to answer satisfactorily, as the Carib girls pass from school to clearing the bush, and to planting and caring for their farms or milpas. Most of the girls never look at a book once they leave school.

Besides the ordinary or public school, as it is called, the Sisters have in their convent a select school intended for children whose parents can afford to pay for their education. The number of these is very limited in Stann Creek and none of them are Caribs. The Sisters have been here now for four years and since their coming have done much good. Their influence has not been confined to the pupils in their schools, but has gradually extended itself to many of the people and has tended to elevate their morals and refine their manners.

JEWEL.

BY MADELEINE BARRY.

JEWEL lay asleeep in her little white bed in the corner of the cheerful ward. Very peaceful she looked as she lay there, a smile on the worn old face framed in its white cap, one roughened hand clasping her rosary, the brown beads of which were highly polished by constant use.

She had been in the hospital about two weeks and was entered on the register as Mary Ann Casey, but had come to be known as "Jewel," owing to use of the word as a term of endearment towards those who were kind to her.

Now she was dying, and we all knew it and were sorry, for the old woman's cheerfulness had made her liked by every one.

She herself and her husband, or the "old man," as she always called him, were the only ones ignorant of her condition,

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and they both were happy in the belief that she would soon be able to return to her cottage, her fowls and her little garden.

While waiting the time of release, visiting days were marked in her calendar with a red letter.

"Nurse, jewel," she would say, "does it look a fair day? I wouldn't wish to have the old man drive in in the rain. I know he'll come, storm or shine; he feels so bad at not seeing me every day that 'tisn't likely he'll miss any chance he may get. Never till I come here did I spend a night away from him, and we were married five-and-twenty year last May-day. Well I mind the dress I wore, dearie, an elegant bit o' white muslin it was, and 'twas himself that looked grand. He was a handsome lad, and sure 'tis the fine man he is to-day. Five-and-twenty years, jewel, and niver a harsh word or a black look between us, sure 'twas the Lord sent me a good man. But I'm afraid he do be missing me this two weeks since I come here. I'm thinking he'll be glad when the day comes for him to drive me home in the little cart and the two of us will be together again. No, dearie, I'm not ungrateful. This is a fine place and all have been good and kind to me, but 'tisn't home, dearie, 'tisn't home."

So she would talk for hours, always longing for home, always thinking of "the old man" and his goodness to her, continually living over times past and gone, but always patient and cheerful.

And when "the old man" did come! It was touching to see their affectionate greeting, the joyful pride with which they looked at each other. For the most part his visit was a silent one. He seemed content to sit and hold her hand as long as he was allowed to stay.

But one night Jewel died, peacefully and without pain, just as if she were a child going to sleep. To the end she thought only of "the old man," and her last wish was to see him once more so that she might tell him not to grieve for her. He came to the hospital the morning she died, full of hope, for he was quite confident that at last the day had come when he and the wife he loved so well would be together again.

It was some time before we could get him to understand that Jewel was dead. Not until we brought him to the ward and he saw the empty bed did he seem to realize the fact that she was really gone. Then he seemed stunned by the great blow that

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had fallen on him. Taking a chair, he sat down and gazed sadly at the vacant bed where last he had seen Jewel.

He remained there in silence for about half an hour. Then he slowly left the ward. In that short time he had changed from a hearty, upright man to one who looked as if he had been crushed, reminding those who saw him of a noble old tree struck by lightning.

When he left the hospital he took the train to the little village town where he lived. There he found his little car waiting for him. Was it only this morning he had filled it with hay and fixed the cushions and the seat so that his wife could rest comfortably on her drive home? As if in a dream he got into the car and mechanically took up the reins and signified to the old donkey that he was to take the road for home. Everything seemed strange to him. He could only think that she was dead. Never, never again would he see her. Every morning he would waken up and find the little cottage silent, every midday he would come in from his work in the fields and find no cheerful greeting awaiting him, and every night would he sit in the chimney corner, to smoke his pipe alone and in silence. There would never again be any one to sit in the opposite corner, knitting with busy fingers.

He was so wrapped in his grief that he failed to notice the beauty of the autumn day. The road along which he drove was shaded with trees, on each side lay fields of ripening corn, which, stirred by the breeze, seemed to bend toward him in mute sympathy with his sorrow. From the cottages which he passed little children ran out and wished him good-day and Godspeed, and more than one passer-by inquired for his wife, for in that small village the joys and griefs of each were known to all, but for none of them had the old man any answer.

Slowly the poor old donkey mounted the long hill. He missed the usual encouraging words of his driver and perhaps may have wondered why the old man was so silent and depressed.

However, he has come near his journey's end. At the top of the hill stands the little white-washed church; there a stop is always made, for the old man in his simple piety never thinks of going by the church without a Hail Mary to the Blessed Virgin. Entering the church he kneels before Her altar and, burying his face in his hands, remains there motionless.

For a long time he stays there—so long that the sun, which

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was at its height when he entered, has gone down, and the church is growing dim. So long that the birds have given up their singing and gone to their nests for the night. So long that it will soon be time to close the church, even now the old sexton can be heard going around with his keys

But for the lonely figure at the altar time is no more. His grief at the loss of the old woman was more than his heart could bear, and God, who saw that they were loving in life, did not wish that in death they should be divided, and had taken him to join her in a land where there is no parting and sorrow is unknown.

CARMELITE CONVENT AT ELTHWRUTH.

A Brief Account of the Foundation of the Native Syrian Tertiary Carmelite Convent at Elthwruth, Situated within the Territorial Limits of the Vicariate Apostolic of Trichur, Malabar, East Indies.

THE Rev. Antony Thotunkel, a native of the parish of Kandaciancadava, hearing of the establishment of a convent at Mannanam, repaired thither with the intention of studying this mode of life, and for this purpose he stayed there three months. At the expiration of that time he returned to his native church and exerted himself in establishing a similar convent in the north.

The Rev. George Coken, a native of the parish of Kalpparamt, an influential and learned priest of that time, who had been honored by the title of Malpan (formerly, among native Syrian priests, Malpans were those entrusted with the training up of candidates for the priesthood in the absence of properly constituted seminaries, as they exist now), interested himself in the project, and for this purpose convoked an assembly of the clergy and laity in the year 1848, to select the proper site for a convent, as also to devise means for collecting a fund. As a result of their proceedings, Elthwruth, the site on which the present pile of convent buildings now stands was decided upon, and a temporary house erected out of the collections then made. The above-named Malpan, also Rev. Malpans Matthew Paniculam, of Murzhikalam, Ittiera Thatchil of Kuthiathod, and other priests to the number of fourteen, formed the nucleus of the first monastic community at Elthwruth. This community established themselves at Elth-

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wruth on the strength of the oral permission granted by His Grace, the most Rev. Dr. Ludovic, the then Vicar Apostolic of Verapoly ; but they were disappointed when they found that their petition to obtain a written authorization was rejected by His Grace, the most Rev. Dr. Bernardine, Dr. Ludovic's successor. Instead, they were ordered to disperse, a summons which the community obeyed as coming from God, thus showing the sincerity of their vocation. God, whose designs are inscrutable, and who disposes everything according to His good pleasure, soon granted the prayers of His convert servants.

The same venerable Archbishop Bernardine who, some time before, had opposed the monastic foundation at Elthwruth, afterwards established a convent of native Syrian monks at Mannanam, on the eighth of December, 1855, under the title of the Brethren of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. He also deputed the Very Rev. Father Kuriakos Elias, the First Prior General of the Native Carmelite Tertiaries, in February, 1858, to found a convent at Elthwruth, a mission he gladly fulfilled. At the request of His Grace, the Archbishop, the Prior General of the Discalced Carmelites in the mission, recognized the Syrian congregation as part of the first Carmelite Order, and affiliated it in the year 1861.

By the kind concession of our Holy Father, the now gloriously reigning Pope, Leo XIII, the Sacred Congregation, De Popaganda Fide was pleased, on January 1, 1885, to examine into the statutes of the Syrian Tertiaries and to approve of them for a period of six years, *ad modum probationis*.

Afterwards, by a decree issued on the 15th of December, 1887, the Holy See exempted this new congregation from the jurisdiction of bishops and appointed His Excellency the Most Rev. Dr. Andrew Ajuti, Delegate Apostolic to the East Indies, as the Prior General.

After the establishment of the convent, a seminary was erected in its vicinity. During the administration of Verapolitan Bishops the management was entrusted to the hands of the monks. Now that the seminary has been abandoned, the buildings serve the purposes of a middle school boarding establishment, in which education is imparted to seventy boarders and eighty day students, under the direction of the monks. Besides this school, they also conduct a thriving industrial school, a printing establishment, from which a goodly number of religious and other useful books are annually turned out.

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The Foundation of the Convent at Ampalacad Placed in the Same Vicariate Apostolic of Trichur.

In the month of August, 1887, a charitable and wealthy layman of the parish of Ampalacad, named Thomas Sttoop Kanichai, was instrumental in giving existence to this convent. He, with commendable munificence, made over to the monks, besides the extensive grounds on which the convent stands, 307 paras, or or about twenty-five acres of paddy growing lands, and seven lots of compounds for the maintenance of those who might dwell therein.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Leonard, Archbishop of Verapoly, laid the first stone of the present noble convent edifice, in October, 1868. It grew rapidly, owing to the generous contributions of the faithful. The present imposing structure stands on an eminence overlooking the surrounding pastoral scenery of hills and dales, of undulating fields and meadow lands.

In this convent is located the novitiate, according to instructions received from Rome.

THE THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

THERE was once a little child who was born in happy and holy surroundings. She grew up with a faith as pure and unshaken as wise and pious training could give her ; and then she reached womanhood. Throughout the years that followed she looked out on the world with eyes that expressed the hope ever living in her heart. If sorrow came, she thought, "it will be better to-morrow." If disappointment was hers, the brave young soul hoped on, and then one day she found herself a middle-aged woman.

"What shall I do?" she thought, "to make these years of my life better?" and a divine voice whispered, "cultivate the tender dew of charity."

She lived many years during which her vigor was unimpaired, a comfort to the sick and sorrowful, shedding on all some of the glory of that love which is divine and eternal.

There came a day when, with the flight of time, her cheek was withered, her eyes dimmed, and her once raven hair was snowy white.

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One night she slept—her fine old face, even in repose, breathing forth the faith, hope, and charity of all her years. And then she dreamed, and in her dream she seemed to stand before her Divine Lord as she was now, an aged woman.

"Dear Master," she said, "I have lived the three score, and I would fain depart from earth and be with Thee. Wherefore must I live not only the three score, but the ten?"

"My Child," answered the Christ; "the ten is Mine, the three score is yours. I placed you on earth, a little child to learn faith, after that came hope, born in your heart in the springtime of life, then I gave you the tender gift of charity at a time when the heart is apt to wither and grow cold; and now, my child, during the ten, you must live them all—the Faith, the Hope, the Charity—for Me. Go back to earth and so stand with your face turned toward the sunset light, that no sorrow may crush, no darkness or loneliness may dim, this beautiful gift of the ten years which now that you are old, and men need not your help any longer, you are going to give to *Me*."

The dream passed, and morning broke, but memory remained. For ten more years she lived, offering to her Divine Lord the prayers, tears and unselfish works of all the three score years that were summed up in their perfection in her patient living of the ten. And when she died men said, very softly, "this woman lived for the good God."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

It is always gratifying to be able to report at this season of the year that the winter storms and floods have done no damage to the Shrine. As our friends are aware, it is difficult and expensive enough to improve the place from year to year without having to repair damages. Indeed, much of the debt resting on the Auriesville property is due to these repairs in the past, and it is some compensation to know that the work has been done so well that it remains intact in spite of the wear and tear of weather, and that it also adds to the beauty of the place as the years go on.

Besides clearing this debt the coming year, we should like very much to begin, if not complete, the permanent chapel or system of chapels needed for the accommodation of pilgrims to Aurics-

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ville. As all who have been there on a day of pilgrimage well know, *one chapel will not do.* To provide for the numerous band of pilgrims, often arriving in rapid succession from six or seven different places, at least four chapels, somewhat larger in dimensions than the present open chapel, are needed, and it is our desire and purpose to begin constructing these at once. As we have planned them they will not be costly. They will all form parts of one design, but they need not all be built at once; a part can be built without seeming to be an unfinished structure. Each chapel will resemble the open chapel now standing on the brow of the hill, and the four will radiate in the form of a cross from a central structure, in which the sanctuaries and sacristy are located. Due precautions will be taken for shelter in cooler or stormy weather, the material will be more substantial and lasting and the style more ornate than that of the present structure.

It is time now to call on our friends for aid for this new enterprise. Since last summer we have not urged them to contribute anything for Auriesville, and, in consequence, the usual monthly list of contributions has seriously fallen off. We are confident it will increase from now on, even before we issue, as we hope to do during March, a special appeal for this purpose.

To the kindness of the Rev. A. E. Jones, Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, we are indebted for a complete account of his explorations in the country of the old Huron missions. Our readers may recall that a few years ago we published some notes of preliminary explorations of these sights. Now that Father Jones has verified the principal ones and completed his maps, he has made a full report of his work, and we shall publish this in THE PILGRIM, beginning next month.

One to whom we owe the suggestion to have a fine, large outdoor statue of the Sacred Heart at Auriesville, writes to remind us that he is waiting to send his contribution for this purpose. Two donations of $75.00 each have been already received, and some few smaller sums. Seventy-five dollars more will enable us to purchase a fine model heroic size, in metal strongly cast and beautifully decorated.

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MISSION NOTES.

OLD GOA AND THE TOMB OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

FATHER SEWELL, S.J., thus gives, in *The Mangalore Magazine*, his impressions of Goa, once so famous in the old great days of Portugal:

"Goa is entirely denuded of houses; it is a large plain dotted with churches. Of the town, once so flourishing, populous, and celebrated, the churches alone remain. These are in excellent preservation, in strange contrast with the desolation around. The *Bom Jesu*, under which reposes all that was mortal of St. Francis Xavier, is cruciform, 150 feet long by 50 wide, with transepts 50 feet deep. The vault which spans the nave is 60 feet high. The view, as one stands at the bottom of the church and looks towards the altar, is one of splendor, and one feels almost blinded by the mass of gold covering the end walls from base to ceiling, and the elevation of the altars six or eight feet above the floor of the nave, as is usual in Portuguese churches, adds to the effect. In the transept to the right, as you look at the altar, is the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, a monument of art and richness worthy of the great Saint who reposes in it and of the princely donors who gave it to the church. It is of precious marbles inlaid with bronze bas-reliefs of scenes in the life of the Saint and surmounted by a silver sarcophagus, highly wrought and positively sparkling with gems, in which the incorrupt body of the Saint reposes. The silver shrine appears to be about eight feet long by four or five feet wide, with sides five or six feet high, rising in the centre to a cone surmounted by a jewelled cross, the top of which must be some fifty feet from the ground. The whole is under a rich silk and gold canopy descending from a golden crown attached to the roof, displayed out and caught up in festoons over the four corners of the shrine. The effect is most impressive.

"The population of the Goanese territory are nearly all natives of India, but they are so Europeanised in their dress, manners and habits that it is difficult to realize that they are natives. The houses are like European villas—neat, clean, and furnished in good taste. I speak, of course, of the well-to-do classes. Perhaps the most striking feature of the little territory of Goa and Salsette is the total absence of any signs of other religion than the Catholic. One felt one was in a Catholic country. Not a pagoda, not a

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(Ducreux)

1. Where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II, given in the Relations and in Bressani,
2. Which at the same time lies at the proper distance, and
3. In the right direction from Ste. Marie I (The Old Fort).

Configuration of the Ground.

Relations. St. Ignace II "was enclosed with a palisade of posts fifteen or sixteen feet high, and encircled by a deep depression [in the land], with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides, leaving but a small space weaker than the other sides. It was through that part that the enemy, at early dawn, forced an entrance, but with such stealth and suddenness that he was master of the position before any attempt at defence was made, for the inhabitants were sound asleep, nor had they time to take in the situation."—*Rel. 1649, p. 10, col. 2, line 10* et ss.

So, that as a place of defence, the site was not merely strong, but *powerfully* so, and those who visit the Campbell Farm, the lot in question, are immediately struck with its perfect conformity to the foregoing description.

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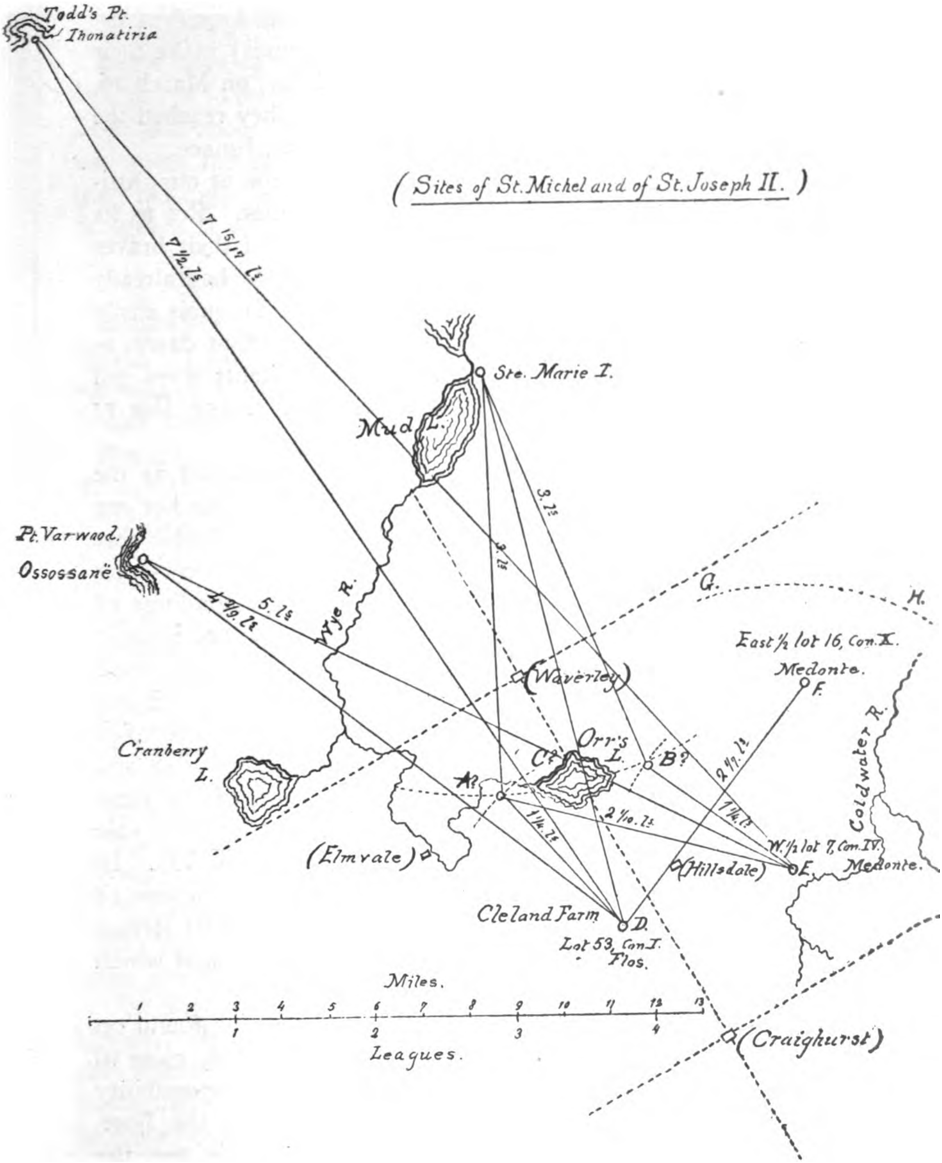

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More meagre of detail as to the conformation of the ground, Bressani's narrative is stronger in expression as to its powers of resistance:

BRESSANI. "So stealthily did they [the Iroquois] make their way through the forests, that, at the break of day, on March 16, without having so far betrayed their approach, they reached the gates of the first village of the Hurons, named St. Ignace.

"Its site and the fortifications constructed thereon at our instigation rendered it impregnable, at least for savages. But as its inhabitants were taken unawares, while the bulk of their braves were abroad, some bent on ascertaining if the enemy had already taken the field, others to engage in the hunt, the Iroquois easily managed to approach under cover of darkness, and, at dawn, as we have said, to effect a breach while the inhabitants were still fast asleep."—*Martin's French translation, 1852, p. 252, line 11 et ss.*

West half lot 11, concession VI, has been suggested as the probable site of St. Ignace II. Not to mention its being but one league from the Old Fort, while St. Ignace II was double that distance from Ste. Marie I, it is comparatively but a low-lying field, encircled, if you will, on three sides by the windings of Hogg River; but all resemblance to the site of St. Ignace II stops there. Though strong as a position, were it palisaded, it could never be said to be *powerfully* fortified by nature, and much less could it be termed *impregnable*. It is doubtless the once fortified site of St. Louis, and it afforded shelter, especially in 1648 and 1649, to the inhabitants of the outlying settlement of the same village, situated across the little stream on lots 10 and 11, east halves of concession VI and west halves of concession VII. In fact, the inset map of Ducreux sets down St. Louis to the east of what is now Hogg River, which on that map is the first stream counting from the one on which Ste. Marie was built, and which is now known as the Wye.

One of the reasons given for supposing the remains found on lot 15, con. IV, to be those of St. Louis (preposterously close to Ste. Marie I) was, if placed elsewhere, the assumed impossibility of seeing the flames of the burning wigwams from the Fort, owing to intervening hills. The truth of the matter is, that the vista between the hills extends not only to Victoria Harbour, but beyond, and as far as lot 11, con. VI; so that the view is quite as

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much unimpeded as far as the site on Hogg River, as it would be were the site but a short quarter of a league from Ste. Marie I.

The Correct Distance from Ste. Marie I.

In the light of the old records, no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the distance of St. Ignace II from Ste. Marie I. St. Louis was about one league from Ste. Marie I, and St. Ignace II was about the same distance from St. Louis, the three villages lying not quite in a straight line, but giving a total distance from St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie I of two full leagues.

Distance of St. Ignace II to St. Louis.

Bressani. "Three persons only managed to escape [from St. Ignace II] half-naked, and they hastened to warn the neighbouring village of St. Louis, only three miles distant."—*Martin's French Translation, p. 254.*

Relations. "Three men only managed to escape, all but naked, through the snow, and spread alarm and dismay through a neighbouring village [St. Louis] about one league distant. This first village [mentioned some lines above as the first to be attacked] is the one we call St. Ignace."—*Rel. 1649, p. 10, 2 col., line 30 et ss.*

Garnier. "When the enemy [at St. Louis] took them [the two Fathers] prisoners, they brought them to their fort, distant a league or thereabout, and made them suffer every kind of torture."—*Letter of Fr. Charles Garnier to his brother Henry, Apr. 25, 1649.*

That Brebeuf and Lalemant were taken at St. Louis is evident enough, while the following passage from the Relations renders intelligible the expression "their fort" when applied by Garnier to St. Ignace II:

"As soon as the Iroquois had dealt their blow, and reduced to ashes the village of St. Louis[1] they retraced their steps to St. Ignace, where they had left a strong garrison, so as to assure a safe retreat in case of mishap, and to secure the stores they had found there, which were to serve as refection and supplies on their journey homeward." *Rel. 1649, p. 11, col. 2, line 41, et ss.* We have, consequently, the best authority for saying that St. Ignace II was about one league from St. Louis.

[1]At first the dwellings only. *See Rel. 1649, p. 12, col. 1, line 43.*

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Distance of St. Louis from Ste. Marie I.

Relations. "The enemy did not stop at this [the sacking of St. Ignace], but followed up their victory; and before sunrise their armed bands appeared before the village of St. Louis, *Rel. 1649, p. 10, col. 2, line 44*. . . . About 9 in the forenoon, from our residence of Ste. Marie, we caught sight of the flames which were consuming the wigwams of that village, *Id. p. 11, col. 1, line 10*. . . . On observing the flames and the color of the smoke that rolled up from them, we could form a correct enough idea of what was taking place; for the village of St. Louis was not more than a league distant from us." *Id. p. 11, col. 1, line 19 et ss.*

Bressani. "In fact, the enemy tarried at the first fort [St. Ignace] only long enough to provide for the safety of the guards and their prisoners. Thence they marched straight on St. Louis. *Martin's translations, p. 253, line 19*. . . . The whole fort was reduced to ashes. *Id. ib. line 28*. . . . The cloud of smoke which we perceived from our residence [Ste. Marie I], situated two miles[1] from it, was our first intimation of disaster, but soon two or three fugitives coming in confirmed the evil tidings." *Id. p. 254.*

[1]The length of the Italian geographical mile was 1,852 metres. See, sub vocab., *Dupiney de Vorepierre; Guerin, Dict. des Dict. tom. 5,* and others.

Direction from Ste. Marie I (Old Fort).

With all its imperfections, the inset map of Ducreux is of incalculable worth as a guidance in identifying the Indian village sites. Without it a knowledge of their respective distances from Ste. Marie I would be of little avail, seeing that we should still remain ignorant of the direction in which they lay. To restrict ourselves to the case in hand, we see by the inset map that the bearings of St. Louis, with reference to the Old Fort, are a few points south of east, the very same bearing from the same landmark as east half lot 11, con. VI; which lot also is all but three miles distant. The usual indications of its having been a village site were more strikingly observable at one time than at present. With such evidence before us, it is not too rash to conclude that east half lot 11, con. VI, is really the spot where the village of St. Louis once stood.

But other elements enter into the determining of the direction

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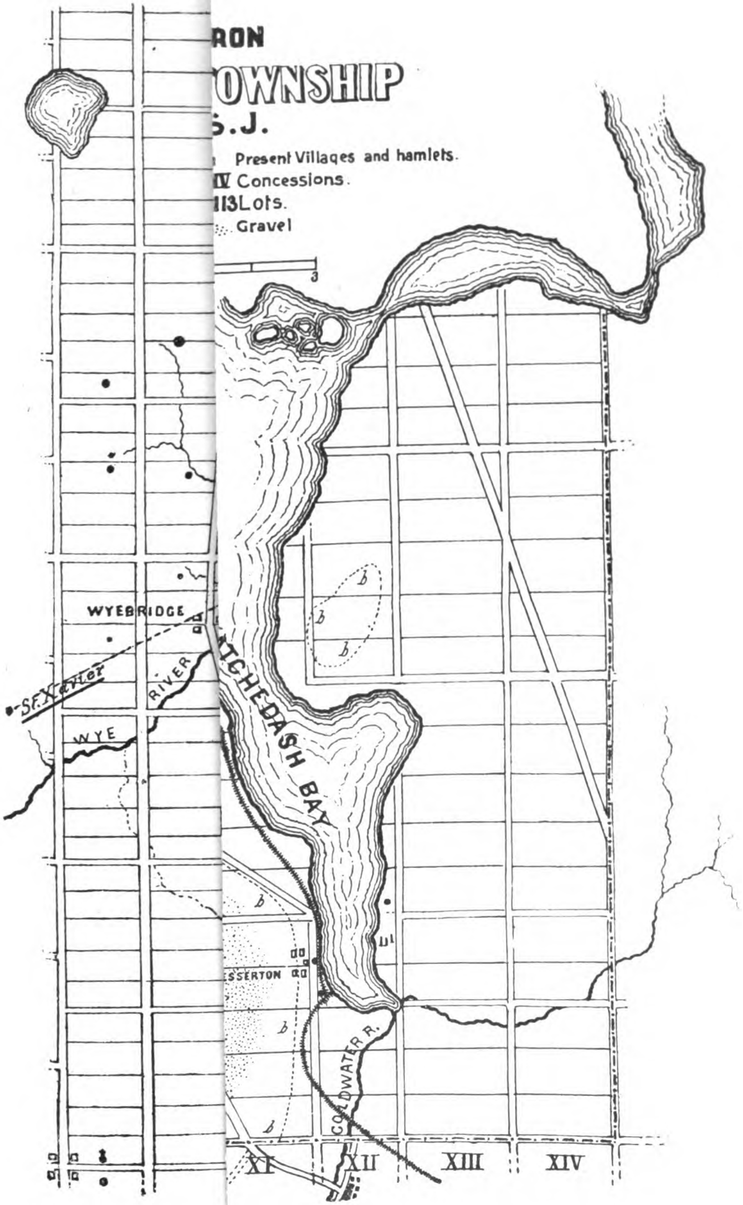

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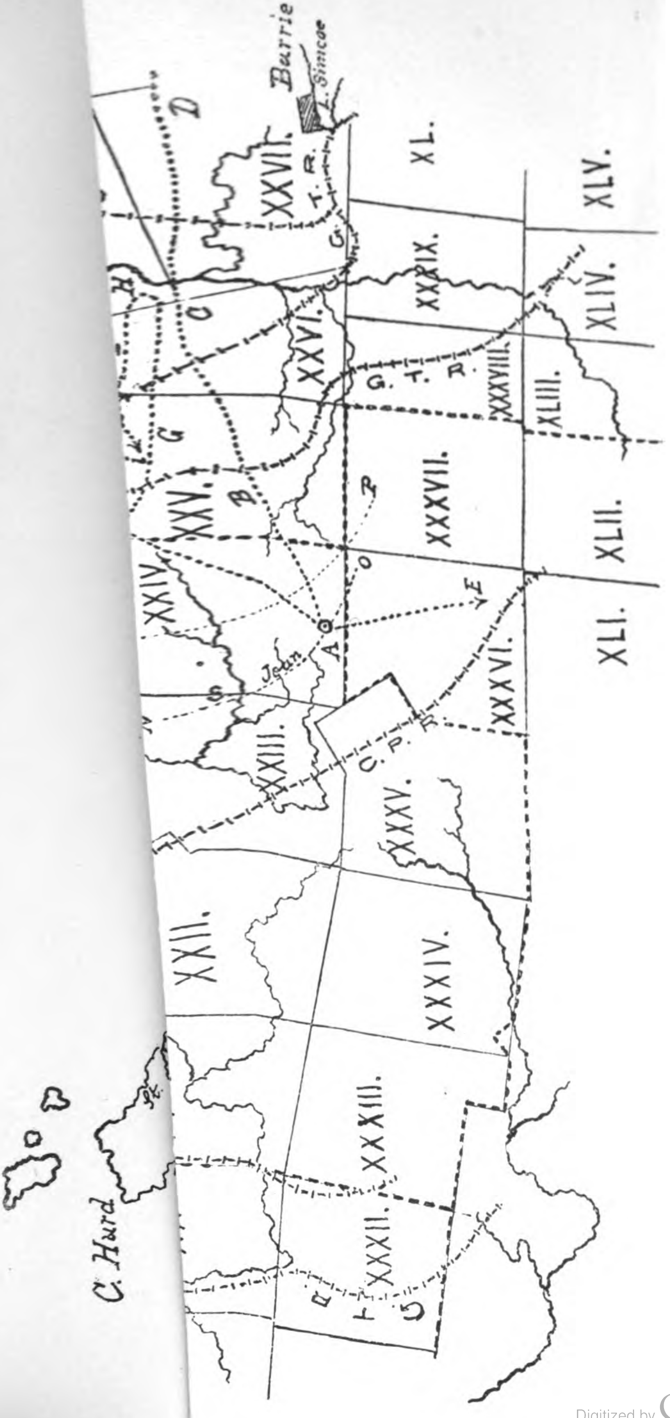

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of St. Ignace II from St. Louis; for it must be remarked here that the St. Ignace of the inset map is certainly not St. Ignace II, in other words, not that of 1649, but rather St. Ignace I, occupying quite a different site previous to July, 1648. It would require too much space to give my reasons here for what seems a naked assertion; I hope to do so elsewhere.

The distance, as we have seen, from St. Ignace II to St. Louis was about one league. As to the direction, it may be positively asserted that St. Ignace II did not lie on an absolutely straight line passing through St. Louis to Ste. Marie I; for, this would place it in too close proximity to St. Jean, correctly marked on lot 6, con. X, Tay. This crowding was to be shunned as liable to cause friction, owing, among other things, to the need each village had of an abundant supply of wood. On the other hand, its site must have been very little out of the straight line, since another reliable document gives the entire distance of St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie as two leagues.[1] Were this measure mathematically correct, the sum of the other two distances (Ste. Marie I to St. Louis and St. Ignace II to St. Louis) must have been at least a trifle in excess of two leagues. At all events, the less the divergence from the straight line, the nearer is the approach to zero of the difference between the sum of the two distances mentioned above and the distance from St. Ignace II to Ste. Marie I.

I said that St. Jean was correctly marked, consequently it is not to be crowded out, nor placed farther north. According to Ducreux's inset map, it lay almost due east, a very little to the south, between Sturgeon and Coldwater (*or Matchedash*) Bays, a *good* two leagues from Ste. Marie I. Lot 6, con. X, where village remains have been found, is similarly situated, and is just two leagues and a quarter from the Old Fort. The distance "*a good*

[1]The obituary letter of Brother François Malherbe, who died on the Saguenay Mission, April 19th, 1696, contains the following passage relating to the Brother while he was yet but a hired servant at Ste. Marie I: "He had the honour as well as the charity to carry back to us [at Ste. Marie] on his shoulders, for a distance of two leagues the charred and blistered bodies (*corps grillés et rotis,* literally, broiled and roasted) of these two religious [Brébeuf and Lalemant]." See also *La Semaine Religieuse de Québec, June 9, 1889, p. 322;* and note on Bro. Regnaut's letter by the late Douglas Brymner in *Can. Archives Report, 1884, pg. XV,* who, however, errs in stating that this took place when the remains were being conveyed to Quebec.

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two leagues" is given in a passage of Relation 1740 (*p. 72, col. 2, line 36*). But it must be borne in mind that the St. Joseph there mentioned is not St. Joseph II or *Teanaostaiaë*, which was five or six leagues from Ste. Marie I (*Rel. 1646, p. 79, col. 1, line 44, taken in connection with line 13, same col.*), and five or six from Ossossanë (*Letter of Fr. François Duperon, Carayon, Premiere Mission, p. 172*), but was merely another name for Ste. Marie I, into which both the residence of *Ossossanë* and that of St. Joseph II were merged, the former in the autumn of 1639, the latter in the early spring of 1640. (*Rel. 1640, p. 63, col. 2, mid-way down.*) The house itself really bore the name of Ste. Marie or Notre Dame de la Conception, but the chapel, that of St. Joseph (*same Rel., p. 64, col. 1, line 7-31*). In the original rescript or brief of Urbain VIII, dated Feb. 4, 1644, and still preserved in the Archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal, the chapel at Ste. Marie I is mentioned as that of St. Joseph. That the term used is "*maison St. Joseph*" and not "*chapelle*" or "*église*" would seem to militate against this explanation were we not told very expressly in the same Rel. 1640 (p. 63, col. 2, line 32) : "and thus we now have in the whole region but one house (*maison*)," which house is spoken of all through the chapter as that of Ste. Marie I. Nothing, therefore, could be more certain than that St. Jean was two *good* leagues from Ste. Marie I or the Old Fort.

Admitting the position of St. Jean to be practically settled, one could not be far astray in supposing that the line from Ste. Marie I to St. Louis deflected, at the latter place, slightly to the south. St. Ignace II would, in consequence, occupy a position somewhere between and abreast of St. Jean and St. Denis,[1] at a point about two leagues, or six miles from Ste. Marie I. Lot 4, east half, Con. VII, answers all the requirements of topical configuration,

[1]St. Denis is also correctly marked on the map, and the same reasons exist, as for St. Jean, for not crowding it out of place. Ducreux's inset map gives us approximately the direction from Ste. Marie I to Ste. Anne (Kaotia, i. e., Kaontia) and to St. Denis, which is south-east. The remains of two Indian villages have been found quartered in the same direction, one on east half lot 9, con. III, Tay, the other on west half lot 3, con. V, Tay. That Ste. Anne lay one league from Ste. Marie I, is an inference forced upon the reader after confronting two passages from the Relations, viz., *1640, p. 70, col. 1, line 10 et ss.*, with *Id. p 54, col. 2, line 30 et ss.* As may be seen on the inset map, Kaontia lay between Ste.

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distance and direction from the Old Fort. I think this is all I undertook to make good.

A Difficulty Removed.

Concerning this location of St. Ignace II, a difficulty has been raised on account of the wording of Brother Christophe Regnaut's letter dated Caen, 1678. The passage in question runs thus:. "Fr. Jean de Bréboeuf (sic) and Fr. Gabriel L'Alemant (sic) set out from our cabin (*cabane*) to go to a small town (*bourg*), named St. Ignace, distant from our cabin about a small quarter of a league, to instruct the savages and Christian neophytes of that town. It was on the 16th day of March, in the morning, that we perceived a great fire at the place to which these good Fathers had gone, etc."

Christophe Regnaut, at the time of the occurrence he describes, was one of the hired men attached to the Fort of Ste. Marie I. François Malherbe, of whom mention has already been made, was one of his companions. Born in 1613, he was then thirty-six years old. How long he had been at the Fort is not known; but a number of hired men had come up from Quebec the previous year. He left Ste. Marie I, with all the others, the year of the massacre, and, in 1650, he returned to France, where he became a lay-brother. Twenty-nine years after the occurrence, and when he was sixty-five years old, he wrote the account of the martyrdom of Brébeuf and Lalemant which is embodied in the letter. Consequently he had reached a period in life when memory often turns traitor in the matter of distances, dates and names—*experto crede Roberto*. So it need be no matter of surprise if through the haze of nigh on thirty years one all but faded name should be mistaken for another, and topographical outlines should have become blurred.

If the words *notre cabane*, in the passage quoted, really stand

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Marie I and Hogg River, while St. Denis lay to the east of that stream. In *Rel. 1740, p. 71, col. 2, line 13 et ss.*, following close on a record of the occurrences at Ste. Anne, it is said that the other villages of the mission (three in number and among them St. Denis) were further from Ste. Marie than was Ste. Anne, which, as we have seen, was distant one league. All these particularities find their counterpart, respectively in the village sites of east half Lot 9, con III (Ste. Anne), and west half Lot 3, con. V (St. Denis); the former lying a short three miles, and the latter a very little over five from the Old Fort.

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for Ste. Marie I, with its stone fort, its public chapel, its hospital within the palisaded enclosure, all taken together—then, not only is the passage inexplicable in itself, but it is absolutely irreconcilable with all the statements of serious men who recorded events at the time they were taking place before their eyes. Had Regnaut said "un petit bourg nommé St. Louis," it would be less incomprehensible, for, though the measure of distance given is at variance with all other estimates, still, St. Ignace II would have found its place three miles further on. But by placing the little bourg of St. Ignace II at a spot less than three-fourths of a mile from Ste. Marie I, the village of St. Louis, which, everyone knows, lay between the two, is entirely crowded out.

Should we, on the contrary, take *notre cabane* to mean some unpretentious shelter erected, let us say, a short quarter of a league from St. Ignace II, towards Sturgeon Bay, for the convenience of the hired men, like a cabin in a sugar-bush, a woodcutter's hut, or a deer-stalker's box, then, with a little ingenuity, and without doing violence to the context, we may read some sense into the passage.

For instance, we have but to take the opening sentence down as far as "it was on the 16th day of March, etc.," exclusively, as a preamble, giving us to understand that some days previous, while going their missionary rounds, the Fathers had called in at the "cabane" on their way, it matters little, either to St. Ignace II or to St. Louis. But before the eventful morning of the 16th the Fathers on their side had betaken themselves to St. Louis, while Christophe Regnaut and the others had returned to the Fort. All that follows in the narrative would fit in with this interpretation without the least straining or wrenching. The very form of the phrase "It was on the 16th day of March, in the morning, that we perceived a great fire, etc.," suggests the idea that the Fathers had left the "cabane" some time before, but that it was not until the 16th that the fire was noticed.

If this explanation is deemed far-fetched, then all that remains to be said is that Brother Regnaut in this particular was simply mistaken.

Theories Tested by Local Observation.

Before setting out from Coldwater, on August 15, 1902, in company of Father Nicholas Quirk, S. J., Mr. J. C. Brokovski,

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barrister, and solicitor of the village, and Mr. George Hamilton (both the latter having been my companions, together with Father J. J. Wynne, S. J., in a like expedition three years previous), I was in possession of all the foregoing data concerning distance and direction. So confident was I of the soundness of the inferences drawn from the scraps of information gleaned from Bressani, Charles Garnier, Malherbe's Obituary, Ducreux's Maps and the Relations, that, taking for centre a point within and not far from the E. E. corner of lot 3, con. VII, with a radius of one mile, I traced on the map of Tay township a circle two miles in diameter. It overlapped the townline, taking in the N. W. corner of lot 24, con. VIII,[1] and the N. E. corner of lot 24, con. VII, Medonte township; and, in the township of Tay, the greater portion of lots 1, con. VII and VIII; the entire lots 2, 3, 4, con. VII and VIII; the greater portion of lots 5, same two concessions; and, finally, just the eastern ends of lots 2, 3, 4 of con. VI. If within this circle *one spot only* could be discovered, answering perfectly to the description given in Bressani and in the Relations, one might conclude indubitably that the place was none other than that once occupied by St. Ignace II.

I left ash beds, the most reliable indication of Indian occupancy, out of the count; for, plainly discernible as they are, even for years after the plough has passed over them, where villages had stood for ten, twelve, or fifteen years, it was not to be expected that such would be the case with the site of St. Ignace II. The life of the village had been too short. Two partial disasters had befallen its braves, following one on the other at an interval of a few days only (*Rel. 1648, p. 50, col. 2, line 41*), the first of which had occurred "towards the end of this winter" (*Id. p. 49, col. 2, line 38*), and forced the inhabitants to move to some other site more out of reach of the enemy and nearer Ste. Marie I (*Id. p. 51, col. 1, line 1*). As this relation, 1648, was sent down to Que-

[1]It was on this spot on the map giving the "Theoretical Reconstruction of Huronia," which I contributed, in 1898, to Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites' re-issue of the Relations, that I set down St. Ignace II, a little over a mile and a quarter too far south-east. I had stretched the distance of St. Louis from Ste. Marie from three miles, as given in the old records, to three miles and two-thirds, and, correspondingly in the same proportion, the distance of St. Ignace II to St. Louis. This was done out of deference to Ducreux's map, where St. Louis is shown lying east of Hogg River.

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bec from the Huron Country, April 16th, 1648 (*Id. p. 45, col. 1*), the words "towards the end of this winter" must point to the interval between Feb. 1 and April 16—say, sometime well on in March. Now, St. Ignace II was surprised and sacked March 16, 1649, so that the site could have been occupied one year only. Two hundred and fifty-three years of winter snows, spring thaws, with summer and autumn rains, would amply suffice to wash away any accumulation of ashes from the lodge fires of a twelvemonth.

On the other hand, I had seen recorded a very significant particular in one of Mr. Andrew F. Hunter's pamphlets, most valuable archæological repertories for one in search of a catalogue of those township lots, within the limits of Tiny, Tay and Medonte, which have yielded unmistakable evidences of Indian occupancy. On the farm of Andrew Brown, west half lot 4, con. VII, Tay, many iron tomahawks had been found. John Moad, who had first cleared the land, picked up no end of them, the number in his possession varying; for it is said that his shanty was sometimes covered with them, fifty or more lying on its roof at one time (*Monograph on Tay, p. 30, No. 26*). Some few relics of the kind were also found on Ira Hazelton's farm, across the concession road, that is, on east half lot 4, con. VI.

The presence of hatchets in such numbers, scattered over the surface of the ground, was a sure indication that the spot was once the scene of conflict between savage tribes. As the weapons fell from the relaxing grasp of the dying brave they were trampled beneath the snow. The spring came, and the rank weeds or the fronds of fern, in forest and glade, shrouded them from the sight of the prowling savage, until they lay securely buried beneath the decaying leaves of two centuries and a half of recurring autumns.

I candidly acknowledge that my hopes of finding what had been anxiously sought for during the last fifty years, namely, the spot which had witnessed the martyrdom of the two heroic missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, were centered on this lot 4, con. VII, Tay. In consequence, the programme of the day's outing was so arranged that an inspection of the locality was to be made as early in the forenoon as possible.

With this in mind, we shaped our way westward from Coldwater, on the old Sturgeon Bay Road, and soon our double carriage was lumbering up the eastern declivity of Rosemount Ridge. At the XI concession we struck the townline between Medonte

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and Tay, which we followed in a south-westerly direction as far as the concession road running north-west between VI and VII. This ground Father Wynne and myself had already gone over twice, in May, 1899, but with unsatisfactory results, owing to a drizzly rain which not only had dampened our enthusiasm somewhat, but had shut out effectively all view of the hills any considerable distance away. But on this occasion a kind Providence favored us with delightful weather, cool for August, and with an atmosphere of faultless transparency.

We could take in all the outlines of the distant hills and every break in the ground in our nearer surroundings. There were possibilities in lot 20, concession VIII, Medonte, which were noted for further inspection should our attempts at discovery among the more north-westerly sites prove abortive. To class it among the probable sites of St. Ignace II was, I know, to stretch the measure of distance, reasonably elastic, to its utmost limit.

Lots numbered 1 of concession VI and VII, including John A. Swan's farm, showed no favourable feature. Entering on the concession road between VI and VII, and moving north-westwardly, we passed without stopping Daniel Chambers' on the right and Hector McLeod's on the left—lots 2 in VI and VII—as their appearance gave us little encouragement. Lot 3, concession VI, the farm first cleared by Mathew Campbell, Sr., and lots 3, concession VII, that of the late John Campbell, brother of Mathew senior, were just as unpromising.

We were still working within the two-mile circle, and had yet to visit two sites fronting on this concession line, one of which was on the farm of Andrew Brown, west half lot 4, concession VII, where so many tomahawks had been found, so that we were not at all dispirited by our failures so far. But it was precisely here that a great disappointment awaited us. We drove well into the farm, and though alighting, when we could penetrate no further unless on foot, we so extended our investigations as to be able to form a perfectly correct idea of the lie of the land, we recognized no single feature of resemblance to the descriptions given of St. Ignace II. For a similar reason, the farm of Ira T. Hazelton, lot 4, concession VI, was alike barren of results.

Of course there yet remained for our inspection five sites, whose approach must necessarily be made by the concession line between VII and VIII; but since, at the point we had reached,

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we were more than half-way to the site of St. Louis, we determined to push on, and take in the unexplored portion of the circle on our return.

The itinerary lay north-west, by the same concession road we were on, as far as the side road between the lots 5 and 6, concession VI, over which we passed; thence again, north-west by concession line between V and VI, to side road between lots 10 and 11, into which we turned to the N. E., and entered Mr. Charles E. Newton's farm, west half lot 11, concession VI. We examined carefully the eastern bank of Hogg River, facing the defensive position of the Indian village site. The verdict, unhesitatingly given, was, that even were this village at the proper distance from Ste. Marie I, it could not claim to be *powerfully fortified* by nature, though the slope towards the stream, abrupt in some places, and extending to three sides of the position, would contribute materially to strengthen its defences. Nor could it be, as St. Ignace II was said to be, *impregnable* by its site and fortifications.

It was now getting well on into the afternoon, so putting off for the nonce a more searching examination of the western bank of the river, we repaired by the side road between lots 10 and 11 to the foot of a high plateau, which, beyond the middle of concession V, barred further progress. Here man and beast, amicably picnicking together in the shade, were refreshed. Thence we returned to the concession line, up which we drove for a short distance till fairly opposite the site. After proceeding on foot to the very edge of the slope on the west bank, and having taken into consideration all the possibilities of the locality, we confirmed our former verdict. The ultimate conclusion arrived at was, that we were standing on the site of St. Louis, the spot where Brébeuf and Lalemant had been taken by the Iroquois while engaged in ministering to the dying Hurons.

Entering once more the side road between lots 10 and 11, in concession VI and VII, and heading in a north-easterly direction, we remarked, for we were driving leisurely, the contours of the high ground where Indian remains had been found on four farms, viz., east and west half lots 10 and 11, in concession VI and VII. Soon we neared the shore of Sturgeon Bay, with Waubaushene and Tanner's Mill well in sight, and turned S. E. into the road between concessions VII and VIII.

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The view of Mr. John Hamilton's farm seemed full of promise, as we toiled up the hill approaching it, but it lay a mile from the circle. Our most obliging driver, George, is the son of the present occupant and owner. He "gave a lift" to some of his little relatives on their way to the homestead, and was only too glad to have an opportunity of introducing us to his respected parent. The father, in turn, gave us all the information he could. We went over the farm, but found, alas, that it did not tally with the description in the old records.

Out once more upon the road, we continued along the same concession line and in the same direction, S. E. We had not made much headway, laboring slowly up the long ascent, when there loomed, high ahead of us, a long, even eminence, crowned with a level field of golden wheat, and lit up with a gleam of sunshine against the blue sky beyond. The tableland extended back till it blended with the plateau to the west; but to the north-west the ground fell away sharply towards the highway, as it apparently did also on the side facing us.

We were now on a level with two sites, one on either side, east half lot 5, concession VII, occupied by Mr. William Hopkins, and west half lot 5, concession VIII, of which Mr. Arthur Loney is the proprietor. Neither could lay claim to distinction of any kind, and, both were, moreover, dwarfed by the site so conspicuous ahead.

Our expectations ran high—but were we to be again disappointed? If so, there was little chance of success further on, for evidently the three succeeding sites, in close proximity—the only ones of the circle remaining unexplored—would be overtopped and commanded by the prominence that filled our vision. As well as we could judge, from our position, of the configuration of the ground, two sides answered the description. One facing the north-west was fully in view. The second, on the north-east, of which we could see but one profile, sloped precipitately towards the road, and beyond it, with a rapid fall, stretched down the valley to Sturgeon River a mile away. On these two sides it was certainly *powerfully fortified* by nature. But of the third side it was impossible yet to tell. If the precipitous descent towards the N. E. should skirt the road for any considerable distance, the configuration of the ground would not be that of St. Ignace II. Our suspense lasted until we were well abreast of the position, when

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to our great relief we plainly saw that the high land sheered off abruptly towards the S. W.. A description of this part of the Campbell farm, lot 4, concession VII, for such it turned out to be, would be an exact replica of the description given by Father Paul Ragueneau, in the Relations, and confirmed by Bressani.

We were so thoroughly convinced that the spot found was in reality St. Ignace II, that we did not even alight; calmly elated, and content beyond measure, in view of the result of our day's wanderings, we decided to proceed on our way back to Coldwater while the sun was yet above the horizon. But we were resolved to return the folloing morning the better to examine the ground and enjoy fully the satisfaction to be derived from the certainty of our discovery.

It was not until we had returned to Coldwater, and had already gathered for a quiet chat on the various incidents of the day—not all of which have found place in this account—that we became aware of one oversight. One final corroborative fact, pointing to the identity of the Campbell farm (lot 4, concession VII) with the site of St. Ignace II, had escaped our notice; no doubt because we were too full of our find, at the time, to think of much else. Moreover, it proved an ample compensation for our keen disappointment of the morning, for it showed that, in our forenoon researches, we had not gone much astray.

The fact which had remained unnoticed was simply this: The farm of Mathew Campbell, Jr., and that of Andrew Brown were contiguous; they were east and west halves of the same lot. No wonder, therefore, that so many tomahawks were found on the latter, the only approach on the level to the gates of St. Ignace II. We are told in the Relations that it was through the weakest part of the enclosure that the enemy forced an entrance; that is, as we now know, through the line of palisades facing southwest. For many of the villagers, if not for all, this was also practically the only way of escape.

The Iroquois were clever strategists. In all likelihood they foresaw that many would escape through the opening in the stockade in the confusion and turmoil of the fearful slaughter going on within. Reserve bands would have been posted on that part of the plateau to intercept the fugitives, and bear them down, by weight of numbers, before they could reach the sheltering forests. There was no concerted action in the defence. The terrified Hu-

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rons, who had escaped butchery in their wigwams, sought safety individually, after having snatched up the first weapon at hand, the tomahawk. Numbers, no doubt, succeeded in reaching the open, but only to meet with capture or certain death beyond the enclosure. How thoroughly the bloody work was done by the implacable Iroquois is evinced by the fact that three only escaped half-naked through the snows.

On the morrow, Saturday, August 16th, an auspicious day, our party of four returned by the shortest route to lot 4, concession VII, the farm of Mathew Campbell, Jr., and, by the gracious leave of the proprietor, proceeded forthwith to make ourselves better acquainted with the salient features and main outlines of the tableland, or plateau, on which the old town was perched. No site could have been better selected, none more capable of a vigorous defence. Given the usual and necessary adjuncts of any fortified position, Bressani's one word "impregnable" is the fittest to convey an idea of its strength.

Its strongest side was that facing the present road, where the slope toward the concession line is broken midway by another terrace before reaching the highway, rendering possible, on that side at least, a first line of defense, in full view and commanded by the second on the crest of the hill. On the two other sides, one facing the north-west, the other the south-east, the escarp gradually becomes less precipitous. Towards the south-west the position offers no natural advantages; but, with the other sides secure, it could have been made to present quite a formidable front, with converging, flanking fires[1] provided for in laying down the line of the palisades.

This part of the farm has, to all appearances, been a long time under cultivation, and for that reason, no doubt many of the sharper lines have been rounded off by plough and harrow, or by the washing down to the lower level, by rainfalls, of the upturned soil along the slopes.

[1]The Fathers had shown the Hurons the advantage in fortification of bastion, gorge and curtain. I find the following example of the use of the adverb *Vis-a-vis* in Father Potier's Huron Grammar (p. 72, 1. col. midway): ***Etiontenroketas d'eeias,*** en tirant v. g. d'un bastion, on aura vis-a-vis ceux qui seraient le long de la courtine. . . . . on rasera toute la courtine en tirant. . . . ab *oketi* tirer droit"—"in firing v. g. from a bastion, those along the curtain will be in front of you. . . . . the curtain will be swept in firing. . . . from *oketi* to shoot straight."

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We could not without serious damage to the standing grain attempt to reach the very brow of the hill where the declivity is steepest, but from where we stood we had a commanding view of the Rosemount Ridge, towards the east and south-east, and the eye plunged deep into the sombre valley of the Sturgeon that lay at our feet.

As a look-out, for the child of the forest, grown familiar with the ways of the wilderness, and with his keen vision sharpened still more by his daily contact with nature in her every mood, the site of St. Ignace was a near approach to the ideal. And had it not been for the innate apathy of the Huron, of which Brébeuf time and again complained, St. Ignace, instead of falling an easy prey to the enemy, might have proved the bulwark of the nation. But he lacked the vigilance of the Mohawk and the Seneca, and paid dearly for allowing himself to be lulled into the quietude of a false security.

Turning towards the north and north-east, the eye ranged over the waters of Sturgeon Bay and the greater Matchedash, and took in a wide stretch of country in the Muskoka district, while, a little further east, it swept over Gloucester Pool, the mouth of the Severn and no small extent of the North (or Black) River Valley. But all these local advantages, as rehearsed above, all the charms of the panorama, which unfolds itself before the gaze of one standing on the site of St. Ignace, might well be dismissed from thought with a passing note of admiration, were not memories of a far higher order of excellence woven round it. Vastly grander visions of the beautiful and sublime in nature are to be met with within the confines of this great Dominion, and in an endless variety of kind, from the beetling crags of Trinity Rock, the towering mass of Cape Eternity on the Saguenay, to the fairy scenes of enchanting beauty in the Islands of the St. Lawrence: from Niagara, with its deafening roar of waters plunging to depths unknown, to the silent solitudes of the Selkirks, whose glittering peaks cleave the very clouds above—all these and others, surpass it immeasurably either in majesty of outline or in perfection of detail.

But no spot on the wide expanse of this continent was hallowed by a nobler sacrifice for the Master than was consummated on this hill-top a few acres in extent, and which lay for two centuries and a half lost in the recesses of the forest. There where we were

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standing, stood, long since, two Christian heroes whose life ebbed slowly away amidst unspeakable torments. Unlike the martyrs of old who stood in the great amphitheatres of Rome, awaiting death from the wild beasts of the arena, they had no friends among the onlookers to encourage them by voice or gesture. They stool alone in the wilderness of the New World with a few neophytes, sharers in their sufferings, among a howling band of savages, more ferocious than lion or leopard. And as the flames curled round their blistering and lacerated limbs, the smoke of the sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

AURIESVILLE gives way to the site of Brébeuf's and Lalemant's martyrdom this month. Our readers will follow Father Jones' account of his explorations with great interest. Meantime we note with pleasure that friends of the Shrine are beginning once more to contribute towards it. If this be done before the issue of our appeal, we may hope for a handsome return after its issue.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. C., Troy, N. Y.	.50
Miss G.	$5.00
J. D., Troy, N. Y.	.50
"A Client" for the Statue of the Sacred Heart	2.00
M. McK., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
J. F. B., National Military Home, Ind., for new Chapel	1.00
Anon., Phila., for the Statue of the Sacred Heart	75.00
S., Phila.	20.00
J. S., Phila., for Lamp	50.00

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JOHN AND SALLY.

BY VIOLET BULLOCK-WEBSTER.

Part I.

HE was not like other beggars: in fact I feel sure that had fortune dealt less unkindly with John Treherne he would never have been a beggar at all. But when artists get tired of painting you as Abraham, and no one will buy your bootlaces in the street, what can you do but go from house to house asking the cook for rags and rabbit skins, "and a stray copper to get a night's lodging, if the kind lady has one to spare?"

It was in this way many years ago that I first made John's acquaintance, but not until one afternoon when I was painting a water-color sketch of his grand head, in a friend's studio, did I hear of "his old woman."

During a ten minutes rest we persuaded him to tell us the story of his life.

In the days of his youth he had married a wife with golden hair, but ten years back she fell into the river and was drowned. Her hair had been so beautiful that fashionable ladies were always offering to purchase it, but no amount of money ever tempted Mrs. Treherne to cut it off. It still looked lovely when she had been taken out of the water, and laid in her coffin; and the ladies came again, begging John, before it was too late, to exchange that golden hair for coin of the realm; but he was obdurate: his wife had said that she would never part with it as long as she lived, and he would not deprive her of it now that it was all she had to take down with her to the grave. He wept a little as he told the story—his life's romance.

Who would have dreamed that behind those rabbit skins and bootlaces there shone a memory of golden hair?

When he had finished crying he wiped his eyes, and said that he must not complain because "his old woman was very good to him," from which we gathered that he had married

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again. She came to my church, he said, and he thought that I must know her well by sight: she wore a bonnet and shawl, and she could not keep her head still; but even this lucid description failed to recall the lady to my mind; so I invited him to bring her to tea with me on the following day. She could not sit as a model, he said, on account of her head wabbling about, and he did not know if she would come to tea because she hadn't any tea-party clothes. I assured him that I should much prefer to see her in her accustomed bonnet and shawl, but he still seemed doubtful about it, and said he'd ask her.

As it happened Sally did not care about going out to tea. She dealt in white tape and calico buttons, and it struck her as being more consistent with her line of business to call at my door next morning, and ask if we would please to buy something out of her basket as she was a poor lone widow woman and wanted a few pence to get a bit of food.

My maid, not having at that time been properly instructed in the manner of receiving beggars, told her to go away, and shut the door.

"The poor lone widow woman" did not strike her as identical with John's wife who was coming to tea! I guessed the state of the case at once, ran after Sally and remonstrated; but she was quite unabashed.

"I sometimes do, and I sometimes don't," she said. "You see there are many who'll give me a penny if I say I'm a widow woman."

During that first conversation I must confess that Sally did not impress me favorably, and some months passed before either John or his "widow woman" crossed my path again. Then, one winter day, I met him outside the work-house gates as he was leaving two little parcels of tea and sugar with the porter. Sally had gone into the house, he said, and he had saved a few coppers out of his rabbit skins to buy her a present. His devotion touched me, and his tears still more. It was lonely without Sally, he said, she was his only friend.

His only friend!——and those iron gates between!

We walked home slowly together talking of ways and means, out-door relief, the price of rooms, life, loneliness, friends, and

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relationships in general; and then at last I understood that Sally was his cousin and not his wife, but that they shared their Sunday dinner and their luck—if ever they had any.

Her room cost four-pence a night, and the Board would give her two shillings a week out-door relief, "If I would speak for her," and then with two shillings more, and what she could make selling buttons, she would be able to get along all right. So I promised two shillings a week, and to speak to a member of the Board of Guardians. What else could one do. Is not life lonely enough at the best of times, and happiness too rare? Fancy being able to make two human beings perfectly happy with two shillings a week!

Back went John, in the highest spirits to the work-house to get "his old woman" out, and in the course of the next few days Sally came herself to thank me.

We got to know each other better after that, and she took to coming home with me every Sunday after Mass to give me an account of her week's doings. If anything of unusual interest happened she would repeat it Sunday after Sunday, until all the facts of the case were thoroughly impressed upon my mind. There was a certain petticoat *with a wide hem* which a lady had given her, and which had to be displayed week after week for my edification, that the width of its hem might be proportionately admired. I had worn petticoats with wide hems all my life, but never, till Sally taught me how, did I regard it as a matter for especial thankfulness. In a "Diary of Mercies," à la Frances Ridley Havergal, when all other sources of gratitude fail one might always have recourse to the width of one's petticoat hem.

Thankfulness was the key-note of Sally's character. She often told me that she did not believe anybody in this world was as happy as she: God was so good to her.

I never arrived at many details of her private life. Her mother had brought her over on her back from Ireland, but although she had remained ever since in this land of education she had never learned to read or write. She had a sister, however, who could write a letter in England, *or anywhere*, which struck Sally as an almost incredibly clever performance,

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and she seemed much delighted when I assured her that I could easily believe it.

John had had a little education also, and he could read a sentence or two if it was printed very big and plain. Sally did so want him to learn the "Hail Mary," but he could not cope with the small print in the penny catechism, and she thought it would be the best plan for me to write it out big and black. Of course I fell in with her idea, and handed over the two sentences to John that afternoon, to Sally's great delight.

Whenever I met her afterwards I used to ask if he had managed to learn it, and she invariably replied, "He's getting on bonny."

She was a hopeful soul! She used to teach it to him, and he used to learn it by himself in every spare moment, and after a month or two he got the first two words right off by heart! He could say the Lord's Prayer straight through without any trouble, because he had learned it when he was a boy, but with the utmost application he never seemed to be able to get beyond the opening words of the Angelical Salutation, with which, and his good intention, I am quite sure our Lady must have been content.

At first, Sally felt a little anxious about it, because, she said, it slipped off HER tongue of itself as she walked along, and she did so want John to say it too. But in the course of the winter she reconciled herself to the inevitable. It didn't do to worry about anything, she said, if she once got down she should never get up again, and worrying kept one awake at night. When she felt it coming on she used to say, "Oh my Saviour, take this woeriting fit off me." "My Saviour's very good to me," she said, "He always sends me friends, and I see Him smiling at me as I go to sleep."

She kept her rosary tied up in a bag in her capacious pocket, and said a decade "for her friends" every night. Her faith was very simple and quite satisfying. Her world was divided into Catholics and Protestants, and when I asked her once to whom she sold her buttons, she said, "why to Protestants, to be sure!" One of her favorite recollections was, "when my good

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man lay dying, he said to me, 'Sally, never lose your creed,' and I never have."

But with all her love for the Catholic Church, she found it very difficult to reconcile herself to the thought of the religious life for me. When I broke to her that I was going away to be a nun she implored me to wait a little till the Almighty called her, and although I promised to leave her two shillings a week with a mutual friend she was by no means consoled.

In less than a year I returned and she greeted me with "my Saviour always hears my prayers, I prayed to Him to send you back again." Until that moment I had not understood the collapse of my vocation, and it was a great comfort to know that my failure was only due to Sally's prayers.

Our weekly chats began again; the old, black bonnet had to be retrimmed and brushed (I am afraid that nobody brushed it since I went away), and a new pair of boots had to be purchased. Sally disdained the offer of an old pair of mine. "I've such a *little* foot," she said. That was her one weak point, and I used to try to admire it to please her, although I should never have guessed that it was either small or pretty if she had not told me so. She sat in an arm chair, with a toe peeping out from beneath the wide hemmed petticoat, and fell back quite naturally into our conversations of twelve months ago; touched lightly on her mother and Ireland, dwelt lovingly on the last words of the late Mr. Madden, admired my inlaid secretaire, because it reminded her of her sister who could write, and ended up by telling me that she always enjoyed coming into my sitting-room because it felt so home-like; but I ought to have a pot of musk to scent it. She tried in vain to beg a bit from her customers, and at last I had to invest two-pence in a pot to satisfy her.

She also took the most maternal interest in the wall flowers in my front garden, and was so dreadfully afraid lest some one passing by might turn in and pick them that once, when I was away for a couple of days, she went in and picked them all herself and gave them to my maid to put in water, never dreaming that I might prefer the remote possibility of losing my flowers to the certain loss! According to her lights

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she was very thoughtful. She brought me a turnip one Sunday and said that if I put a bit of bacon in with it and boiled it for a very long time it would make me a *beautiful* dinner. I followed her directions and enjoyed it very much, but my maid could not bring herself to forget that it *was* a turnip.

I am afraid that she never got genuinely fond of Sally as I did. There were certainly two ways of regarding her: one might see only a dirty old beggar woman with a wabbly head, or one might behold the beauty and simplicity of a grateful soul.

I ceased to notice the movements of her head after a while; in fact, I almost think that it must have given up wabbling, but as time went on it became exceedingly troublesome to its poor old owner in another way. It took to getting giddy, Sally told me, and went round and round inside, and sometimes even prevented her from knowing what she was about. But then she was "in her eighty-four" and must expect something.

For two Sundays she was unable to go to Mass. During the third week John came to tell me that they had taken her to the Infirmary; and he was going in too.

He had had no luck lately; his bronchitis troubled him dreadfully of a night, and his feet were so swollen that he had been obliged to cut his boots in slices. I asked him if there were anything that I could do to make his life more bearable, and he thought an ounce of black tobacco, an apple or two to keep his mouth moist and a packet of cough lozenges would cheer him up a bit. And Sally would like sponge cakes and tea and sugar every week. Sundays and Tuesdays were the visiting days, and they would let him see his old woman then. That was the one bright spot still left in his darkened world.

I was there the first time they met. It was a picture. Sally's wrinkled face looked so clean and peaceful in her white frilled cap, and John's blue canvas suit set off his weather-beaten skin.

"Well, Sally," he said, holding out his hand; and then he sat down by her bed and cried and cried.

"Well, John," said she, turning her face quickly into the pillow to hide her sobs.

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Any casual observer would have imagined that they were both unutterably miserable; but Sally reassured me a few minutes later by saying that she was particularly happy and comfortable, and as for John, he was far better off than he would ever be outside. "Meat and potatoes for my dinner every day, two blankets *double* on my bed and lying by the fire night and day! I couldn't get that if I wasn't here!"

Her thankful spirit had not deserted her. The nurse was very kind, as a rule, and said: "Well, my dear, how are you?"

"But she won't be put upon, nor she won't be asked three or four times for the same thing," added Sally, at which I was not surprised.

Perhaps she had been trying the effect of importunity one other day, when she informed me, in a whisper, "that the nurse was 'snappy.'"

I told her I thought that we were all out of sorts sometimes, and as for myself I knew I was "snappy" occasionally; but Sally would not be pacified so easily.

"I never am," she said, "I'm always the one way."

"Oh Sally!" interrupted John, "I mind when you've been snappy to me."

"I don't think so—I can't remember it," said Sally, shaking her head; but John, considerably cheered up as the recollection of by-gone days flashed back upon him, continued, "I mind when we were turnip-hoeing, and I used to get ahead of you, when you found you could'nt keep up you used to get very snappy. I've laid the hoe down many a time and come back to help you."

"I can't remember it," said Sally, but she was very pleased all the same, and I left them gaily chatting over their joint labors of forty years ago. They had forgotten my presence, they had forgotten that they were in the infirmary, they had forgotten how old they were—forty years seemed as yesterday—and their spirits were back in the fields again, John hoeing amongst the turnips, and Sally "singling of them out" as she followed him on.

I had wondered what they would find to talk about on visiting days, and now I knew . . . and understood . . .

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and left them together. Very soon it would be time for John to go back to the men's side of the infirmary, very soon it would be time for Sally to go up to the Saviour who had always heard her prayers.

PART II.

"Now Sally's gone I've no one in the world but you to turn to," said poor old John, with a sob in his voice, the first time he came to see me after the funeral. His eyes were full of tears, and his whole frame shook, so without paying any attention to his statement that he was not hungry, I led him into my little kitchen, and made him sit in an arm-chair by the fire, whilst I warmed up some soup. When he had done ample justice to it we went into a sheltered corner of the garden for a chat. "I didn't want anything—only just to talk to you," he had repeated several times; but he was not yet quite able to command his voice, so I judged it best to drop a few stitches in my knitting, and let him see how entirely absorbed I was in picking them up, whilst he took his own time to collect his thoughts.

Of course it was only natural that he should be miserably unhappy after suffering such an irreparable loss, but even beyond his sorrow for his "only friend," it struck me that something was weighing on his mind. Had I possessed Sally's intuitive sympathy I should undoubtedly have divined the cause, and I deplored my inferiority to her in this respect. In the presence of John's overwhelming grief my powers of consolation seemed sadly limited. However, on discovering that he felt utterly incapable of opening the conversation I tried to cheer him with the thoughts of Sally's happiness and well-earned reward. I spoke of the vision of God, the glory of the saints, the beauty of the angels, the songs of thankfulness and praise. He listened eagerly, and seemed to be waiting to pounce on something which he knew would come.

"That's it!" he cried, when I mentioned music as a necessary part of the Heavenly environment. "That's what I'm troubling over. Sally never could abide music; she always said it made her head ache; and they tell me it will be going

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on all the time up there." He seemed greatly concerned on her account. "I'm always thankful when it stops myself," said he, "but I was never anything to Sally. There was a man down Meeting Alley learning the concertina, and he used to play it regular of an evening, and at last Sally got so that she was up and off in a moment directly he began."

"And I do not wonder," said I, "the sound of it must have got upon her nerves." It was difficult to refrain from smiling at the picture he had conjured up! "But the music in Heaven will not be in the least like that. It is so beautiful that people would like to come from miles away to listen to it—entirely different to that concertina which the man used to practise on."

John still looked rather doubtful, so I reminded him how fond Sally had been of Benediction, and the Church music, in which she always joined.

"She was a wonderful woman for her Faith!" said he, "the Lord bless Sally." He found great comfort in the thought of praying for the repose of her soul, although his De Profundis could only shape itself in this simple form. Anything more than a mere ejaculation he realized would be beyond him, so I said the De Profundis, and he said "The Lord bless Sally," many times.

He seemed to be getting quite easy in his mind towards the close of the afternoon, and I was rather taken aback when, on holding out his hand to say "Good-bye," he suddenly burst into tears again, exclaiming, "I should be all right if it wasn't for that music. I can't abear the thought of Sally having a headache, and whenever I think of her in Heaven I seem to feel that concertina going through my head."

Something must be done at once, I saw, to make the word "music" associate itself with pleasanter impressions in his mind. I resolved to try the effect of the Litany of Loretto, to a beautiful old Dominican melody, which we used to sing during recreation in the Noviceship. In my own darkest days it had never failed to bring me peace and hope, and I besought our Lady to obtain the same graces for John. Begging him to remain a little longer, I ran into the house for my guitar.

The plan succeeded admirably: the soothing tone, the occa-

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sional arpeggio chords, the frequently repeated petition, which I kept sending up to Heaven on his account.

"Ora pro nobis!" he murmured, or something which sounded very like it, when the Litany was finished. "That's beautiful!"

"That is the kind of music which Sally loves," said I, "and we may feel quite sure that now our Lord only lets her hear what she likes best."

"You are certain that she won't ever have to listen to that concertina being played up there?" he asked, anxious to have his fears entirely laid to rest.

I took upon myself to affirm unhesitatingly that no one was ever allowed to practice the concertina up in Heaven; and with the promise that I would sing to him again next day, John went away, quite happy for the night.

It became our constant custom after that to sit amongst the flowers in my garden, on fine afternoons, and sing the Litany to the guitar, and although he never asked for any explanation of the words, it was evident that they suggested a higher and happier train of thought.

"I want to be like Sally," was at last the outcome of his meditations.

"A Catholic?" suggested I.

"You're right. I'm not for this world very much longer, and when it pleases the Almighty to take me, I want to go to her, . . . but I don't know the way. He broke down over the last sentence. The impossibility of finding that road, along which she had traveled so steadily, seemed to overwhelm him with despair. "I want to go to Sally," he repeated, "and I know she would have wished me to, but do you think I could ever be a Catholic?"

"Of course you could," said I; "at heart you already are one, and you have only got to ask Father Dwyer to instruct you and receive you into the Church."

It never occurred to me that he would act immediately on my advice, and I fully intended to prepare the priest for John's simplicity and child-like faith.

However, he was so very much in earnest that he lost no

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time in going round to the presbytery directly he left me that afternoon, and finding the charwoman busy cleaning the hall, he broached the subject with what seemed to him tact and discretion. He told me all about it afterwards, and seemed very hurt at the charwoman's behavior. He had only asked if she would see if the Father wanted any mohair boot laces, and she up and shut the door in his face without so much as answering him a word. No, he would never go to the presbytery again so long as he lived ; he didn't believe he could ever bring himself to do it, after being treated like a dog at the first start off.

The recitation of his wrongs, when repeated by me, touched Father Dwyer's very tender heart. Referring to Mahomet and the mountain, he said that it was obvious he should have to come to John.

So he came one afternoon, when we were singing our Litany, and tapped with his stick upon my garden door just as we reached the words "Regina Patriarcharum."

John rose at the sight of the venerable priest, and stood, cap in hand, fingering it nervously; but the Father treated him as though they were already the best of friends, and begged that the Litany might be finished. John's momentary embarrassment gave place to a feeling of intense security as we all sang together, and the familiar Latin words paved the way to a long and intimate conversation. I do not know exactly what they talked about, because when I saw how well my guests were getting on, I suddenly remembered that I must write a letter to catch the six o'clock post, and begged them to excuse me.

When I had finished that one necessary letter I wrote five more and went through all the week's accounts, yet still on looking out of window I saw their chairs side by side and their two white heads bent close together in earnest consultation.

It seems that they began to talk about rabbit skins and boot laces and ended concerning Sally's rosary. I had an account of it afterwards, both from Father Dwyer and from John. The latter told me triumphantly that Father Dwyer was always wearing out his laces and at the very moment of their introduction stood in need of several pairs, moreover, the sort that

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John kept in stock exactly suited his requirements; whilst as for rabbit skins it so happened that the priest was going to have rabbit pie for dinner on the following day and he promised if John would call for the skin he would open the door himself and give it to him.

John did not tell me that he had implored the Father to take possession of Sally's rosary and that they had arranged to say it together every evening, John undertaking the Our Fathers and the priest the rest. I learned this later when I was beginning to wonder why he came so seldom to see me now. His instructions in the Faith occupied all his leisure time. Vague rumors reached me of the Father never having anything but rabbits for dinner in order to supply John with their skins. His congregation, who were all devoted to him, delighted in making the good priest's hospitality and frugal fare the subject of a little kindly chaff and he had never been able to defend himself since that momentous occasion when Lady Stirling, on bringing her offering of flowers for the altar, found him quite happy in the kitchen toasting his one and only kipper for a hungry tramp.

John took to him at once. They were just like brothers, he told me he had never known anyone but Sally with whom he felt so much at home. And on at length receiving the Sacrament of Baptism at the Father's hands he prepared to die content. He had no desire to live long after his reception into the Church and a serious attack of influenza hastened his journey to a better world.

His first Communion, which was also his last, was, he told me, the happiest moment of his life. He seemed to feel his Saviour smiling at him as He used to do at Sally. There were no longer any doubts in his mind about his being able to rejoin her in Heaven. Father Dwyer had shown him the way.

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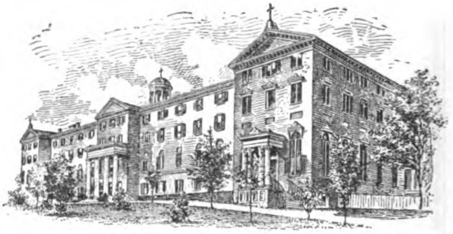

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